

CHRIS VON DER AHE SECRETLY MARRIED.

St. Louis Baseball Magnate
Weds Miss Della Wells
in That City.

She Is a Young Woman to Whom
"Der Boss President" Has
Been Very Attentive.

Marriage Will Be a Surprise to His
Friends and Will Recall His
Family Troubles.

COUPLE EN ROUTE TO NEW YORK.

The Groom Is a Divorced Man Whose
Career Socially and in Business
Has Been a Most Pic-
turesque One.

St. Louis, Sept. 6.—In addition to the
onerous task of managing the St. Louis
Browns, Chris Von der Ahe, "Der Boss
President," took upon himself, with great
secrecy, new duties this morning.

At the residence of the mother of the
bride, No. 3521 St. Louis avenue, the peach-
blow visaged magnate promised to take for
better or worse a handsome young woman
named Della Wells, to whom he has been
paying pronounced attention for some time.
The couple left on the noon Baltimore &
Ohio train for New York. Chris will hunt
up his team and on his bridal tour will
divide his time between talking acrimoniously
to Tommy Dowd and Roger Connor
and whispering sweet nothings to the new
Mrs. Von der Ahe.

The marriage to-day is the culmination
of an interesting series of incidents in the
previous matrimonial career of the widely-
known baseball character. For the past
two years St. Louis has been periodically
convulsed by the details of some new kink
in the family history of the Von der Ahes.

Was Divorced a Year Ago.

A year ago his wife secured a divorce
from him, and since that time Della Wells,
the present Mrs. Von der Ahe, has resided
in one of the flats owned by the magnate,
and the pair, behind a spanking team of
horses, has attracted much attention in the
paris and on the boulevards. The marriage
was not unexpected; in fact, it was
generally supposed it would take place
immediately after the divorce suit. When
the news leaks out to-morrow there will
be a sensation in the town.

Chris Von der Ahe married for the first
time when he was a poor man. His wife
helped him lay the foundation of the
fortune that enabled him to buy the St.
Louis Browns. As Chris prospered he in-
vested his money in real estate. He still
retained possession of his butcher shop
and his green goods store, in the active
management of which he was assisted by
his wife. A son, Eddie, who was born
in a tenement, was tutored by Chris

into the mysteries of the baseball business
and was his father's right-hand man.
The associations Chris formed in the
baseball world did not appeal to his wife.
The stolid butcher, who was content with
beer out of a can before he bought the
Browns, developed a wine appetite and a
tendency to stay out nights. Mrs. Von
der Ahe was not pleased, and she frankly
told her husband so. But her remon-
strances availed nothing. The breach
grew wider, and finally the husband and
wife lived as strangers. The son took
the side of the mother, and a merry time
resulted.

His Son as a Financier.

About three years ago Chris Von der Ahe
needed money. His son, Eddie, who was
aware of the fact, and he staggered the
old gentleman when he made a proposition
to advance a large sum on adequate secu-
rity. Chris went into seclusion and
thought the matter over. How Eddie had
succeeded in accumulating money in the
baseball business, when "Der Boss" was
within hailing distance of that undesirable
financial state designated as "broke," was
not clear to him, but he decided to accept.
After all the preliminaries were arranged
Eddie advanced the money, taking as secu-
rity deeds of trust on a long row of
flats. The understanding was that when
the father was in position to repay the
debt, the son was to return the deeds of
trust. The value of the property was in
excess of the loan, considerably, but it was
in a place where creditors could not touch
it, and Chris rested in peace.

The next year proved a prosperous one
for him. But while he made money, his
domestic relations became more strained
than ever. As Eddie persistently took
the side of his mother against his father,
it occurred to him that it might be a good
idea to get his houses back. In this en-
deavor he was not successful immediately.
He found his son as shrewd as a long train-
ing in the baseball business could make
him, and the trouble in the family made
matters worse. Chris decided to take the
matter into the courts.

Got into the Courts.

He brought suit against his son to recover
the deeds of trust, and then the skeleton in
the family closet came out. In characteris-
tic interviews Chris denounced his son, and
the son came right back with denunciations
of the father. Chris claimed Eddie was
looking to beat him out of the house; that
Eddie had incited discord in the ball team;
that Eddie was ungrateful and several
other things. Eddie said Chris was squan-
daring money, and that his only object was
to save something out of the family fortune
for his mother and himself. The suit was
settled after a long, wordy fight, presuma-
bly satisfactorily to both sides.

In a short time Mrs. Von der Ahe sprung
a surprise on the community by bringing
suit for divorce. She alleged infidelity.
People went in and out of the ball grounds,
looking at the face of "Der Boss President,"
and wondered. The divorce was secured by
default, much to the disappointment of the
sporting population, as details of a splay
nature were expected if the case came to
trial. The magnate made a satisfactory
financial arrangement with his wife, and
the Von der Ahe family drama was at an
end. The quiet marriage to-day revives the
memories.

A few months ago it was reported in this
and other dailies that Chris Von der Ahe
was broke. He denied it absolutely, and
showing investigators that he was making
all sorts of money. He has a race track
that runs all the year around—a race in
winter, and a race in summer. He is shoot-
ing the chutes arrangement and a con-
cert garden, all in the same enclosure, with
the ball park. On his return to St. Louis
with his bride he will be given a grand
ovation by his friends.

"JERRY THE TURK'S" FIND.

It Was a Pocketbook Containing \$16, and
Almost Caused a Riot Among the
"Sons of Rest."

The fact that sixteen dollars nowadays is
a whole lot of money was clearly shown on
Saturday night, when, in the Oak Street
Station House, 115 men fought desperately
for that amount.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon "Jerry
the Turk," one of
City Hall Park's
most earnest de-
voted, picked up a
pocketbook that had
been dropped just in
front of an Italian
free vendor's stand.
He was immediately
surrounded by "Billy
the Bum," "Jimmy
the Tough" and other
gentlemen of leisure,
equally well known.
They demanded an
inventory and de-
clared for the speedy,
free and unlimited
division of spoils.

It looked as if "Jerry
the Turk" would be
mobbed, when In-
spector Williams, of
the Third avenue ca-
ble line, happened
along, and, thinking
that the purse might
have been stolen, took
it from the crowd by
main force.

Matters began to
take on a serious as-
pect for Williams.
The crowd yelled
at the police, and de-
manded the return
of the purse. Will-
iams told them to
come with him to the
station house, and
there he would let
the captain de-
cide to whom the
money belonged.

Meanwhile the news
of "Jerry the Turk's"
luck had spread, and
in a twinkling the
benches were down-
ed and the line of
march for the Oak
Street Station "began
up."

Coxey, in his palm-
ist days, never led
such a battalion as
followed Inspector
Williams into the po-
lice station. There
were 115 active mem-
bers of the Sons of
Rest, and all de-
manded a portion of
"Jerry's" windfall.

When it was an-
nounced that the
purse and the \$16 it
contained would be
held for identification
by its owner there
were signs of riot
and bloodshed. Sev-
eral policemen, how-
ever, managed to
drive the hungry
horde from the sta-
tion.

RICHMOND COUNTY'S FAIR.

It Will Open To-day and the Principal Attraction
Will Be the Horse Show.

To Last a Week.

West Brighton, S. I., Sept. 6.—The Rich-
mond County Fair and Horse Show will
open its second annual exhibit at the
grounds formerly occupied by the Staten
Island Athletic Club, at this place, to-
morrow morning, and it will continue
throughout the week. The principal at-
traction will be the horse show. There
are over 150 entries in thirty-eight classes
of roadsters, hunters, light driving and
heavy draught horses. The handsome horses
and equipages will be shown each after-
noon, and the affair will be made a social
function. In addition there will be large
and attractive exhibits of dogs, poultry
and pigeons, and a cat show, in which
twenty prize winners will be shown.
Seven tents have been erected upon the
grounds, and all is ready for the reception
of the exhibits to-morrow morning. There
will be large and attractive displays in
the departments for manufactured articles,
agricultural products, works of art and
needle work.

The fair will be opened at 11:30 to-mor-
row morning with a review of the North
Shore Fire Department in the Fair Grounds.
The nineteen companies of the department
will make their annual parade to-mor-
row morning, and it will continue
forming at Mariners' Harbor and passing
through the Fair Grounds on the march to
St. George, where the parade will be dis-
missed. Fire Commissioners La Grange,
Sheffield, Ford and Chief Bonner, of the
New York Department, have accepted in-
vitations to review the parade in the Fair
Grounds.

One of the attractions for to-morrow is
the famous Roy Hand of the Mischief of
the Immortal Virgin, which will be pre-
sented during the afternoon and give a con-
cert. At 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon fifty-
one homing pigeons will be liberated on
the grounds in a flying contest. Horses
entered in eight classes will be judged in
the afternoon, beginning at 3 o'clock, as
follows: Class 30, qualified lightweight
hunters; class 7, nine roadsters; class 23,
two stallions in hand; class 14, four tan-
dem; class twenty-nine, three qualified
heavyweight hunters; class 12, five pair
harness horses; class 34, seven saddle
horses; class 11, twelve harness horses.

RAIN CAUSED A ROOF'S FALL.

Stock of Theatrical Scenery Damaged, but
No Lives Lost.

At 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon the roof
of the three-story building at Nos. 527, 529
and 531 West Twenty-first street caved in
suddenly, carrying the third floor with it
and depositing the entire mass on the sec-
ond floor. The walls were left intact. A
property loss of about \$2,500 was incurred.
No one was injured.

The building is owned by the John C.
Winch estate. The lower floor is occupied
by William Hall, a floor dealer; John Mac-
Kenzie, a blacksmith, and Matthew Mack,
a wheelwright. A spout from the roof to
the sewer became clogged, and all the
heavy rain yesterday fell on the roof and
collected there in a great pool on the west
side. The roof is old and the weight was
too much for it.

Mr. Hall estimates his loss at \$1,000. A
stock of theatrical scenery, stored on the
second floor, was damaged. The loss of
Mack's loss is estimated at \$500, and the
damage to the building will not exceed
\$600. A Building Department emergency
wagon corps, directed by Thomas P. Gall-
gan, cleared away the wreck.

END OF THE GREAT RELAY.

Continued from First Page.

It was 12 o'clock noon of Tuesday, Au-
gust 25, that two pretty children left the
Examiner office in San Francisco and
rode the first relay, a dozen blocks, through
a lane bounded by cheering thousands of
people, to the dock on San Francisco Bay.
In thirteen days and a few hours the
packet these children carried will have
come through more than 3,400 miles of the
United States and been delivered at its
destination here in New York.

Postmaster Dayton and Mayor Strong
will receive it, and, by their affirmation
and seal, will certify to the correctness of
the record.

At the Journal office the race against
time actually terminates, but there will
be a sequel to the story of the great relay
on Tuesday morning. At 8 o'clock to-mor-
row the message will be taken to the Bat-
tery and there delivered to a courier
mounted on one of those hermaphro-
dite—a water bicycle—and by him given
into the hands of General Miles, Com-
mander United States Army, at Governor's
Island.

This will prove, by the delivery of a war
message in time of peace from the com-
mandant of the most westerly military
post in this country to the most easterly
station, that, though every railroad in the
United States were paralyzed, it would
still be practicable in less than two weeks
to deliver a message, though the whole
telegraph system of the United States was
destroyed.

The Western riders did brave work.
Seemingly insurmountable difficulties, crags
and chasms, floods and deserts, were passed
by the sturdy frontier riders in better time
than the ordinary rider makes on prepared
roads.

Stress of weather and unforeseen accidents
delayed the couriers through the middle
West, but the New York men took to the
hard work of the hermits of Nebraska,
Iowa, Illinois and Ohio, and yesterday's
road records will stand for a long time as
a monument to the strength and deter-
mination of the riders of the far East.

Before daybreak Jack Sanderson and L.
E. Mehnert rode into Angelus, N. Y., with
the precious packet. At 6:30 in the morn-
ing Courier Decker had brought it to Bay-
view. At 7:10, Detemple rode, mud cov-
ered, through rain, into Buffalo. Twenty
minutes later the message was reported at
Bowmansville, and three-quarters of an hour
later it was at Millgrove. Batavia was
passed at 9:45 and a few minutes after
noon the message arrived at Rochester.

So it went on through Fairport and Ber-
gess and Chili. At 2:15 Ralph Hubbard
rushed it into Lyons.
At 5:23 the relay passed Syracuse. Syr-
acuse turned out en masse in honor of the
event. Clear weather and a wind from the
west promised extraordinary time from
there on to the East. The promise was
not in vain. D. B. Smith and John Mul-
vihill rode ten miles in thirty minutes
over terrible roads, and passed the mes-
sage on to Utica at 9:20 last night.

The details of extraordinary riding are
told elsewhere. It is enough to say here
that the New York men have fulfilled the
promise of the California riders, and when
the bicycle club captains escort the last
riders in triumph through the New York
streets this afternoon, an event of ex-
traordinary importance to more than wheel-
men will have been consummated.

The Entertaining Story
of the Tardiness of
the Relay at Buffalo.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 6.—A baker's dozen
of sleep-stricken mortals spent five of this
morning's smallest wettest hours huddled
together at the corner of Bailey ave-
nue and Geneva street, in the outskirts of
Buffalo. They were cold and damp, and
ill-tempered and anxious.

Between them they had two backs and
half a dozen bicycles. Early milkmen and
other wayfarers of the night eyed the
group with startled suspicion, for at that
time, in that place, they looked like evil-
doers who had conspired to waylay and
rob. They were there to waylay indeed,
but not to rob. They were lying in wait
for the relay with intentions the most
peaceful and honorable.

The men who would carry the packet away from Buffalo were
there. So was J. A. Williamson, the man-
ager of the "Yellow Fellow" company's
Buffalo branch. So were two local news-
paper men and an artist. So were a hand-
ful of local bicycle fiends, who joyfully
immolated themselves for one sleepless
night on the altar of the relay. So was
the representative of the New York Jour-
nal and the San Francisco Examiner, who
has seen the packet change hands many
times under many conditions in the course
of its swift journey of three thousand
miles.

The relay was late. Abominably late.
That was the conclusion forced upon the
watchers when a chill gust from the
grayish East announced that day was about
to break upon their vigil. Late, yes, but
there could be but one explanation. The
rain had made molasses out of the roads
and the men were obliged to walk. There
could be no break-down. It was argued, be-
cause the division entered upon by the
packet was covered so thickly by road
plungers, so stout, so trustworthy, so zealous.

Silver Creek, where the packet had last
been reported, was only thirty-seven miles
away. Over that distance, divided into
three relays, there were posted no fewer
than sixteen men in the various capacities
of courier, trailer, pacemakers and guard-
men of honor. It was absurd to suppose
that sixteen men should break down. There
were no telegraph or telephone facilities
out at that bleak corner. The men who
had bicycles warmed their blood and
worked off their impatience by making fre-
quent excursions five miles back along the
road to where the city asphalt ended and

the suburban slough began. Among these
was one Lang, a scorching of no mean re-
nown. Indeed, they told me of some brave
record that he owns, but I have forgotten
just what it is.

The sun had climbed quite high; to be
precise, it was 7:10 a. m. when this same
Lang, who had been out of sight over the
brown of the hill, came pounding along,
bent double over the bars with a vim that
showed he was out for no practice sprint.

A second hence told that the packet hung
from his shoulder.

We raised a shout that was well meant,
though it breathed of indignation, and the
wheelmen among us sprang to their mounts
and shot out to join the fleeing Lang as he
passed. They ran at him like hounds at a
stag, and gathered in his wake. Riding
thus, the brigade wheeled toward the sun,
under the very dashboard of the first trol-
ley car, and sped over the asphalt eastward
and out of sight. Be it said here that the
fleet Lang shook off every one of his out-
riders and carried the packet into Bow-
mansville, seven miles away, in just twenty
minutes.

As for how he came by the packet, he
fished it from the shoulders of a clay-
covered courier, whom he had encountered
back along the road. That same clay-
covered, pegged-out courier had joined us a
few minutes later, and at intervals during
the rest of the morning other clay-
covered wheelmen, with clay-covered wheels,
dropped in wearily and told their stories.

Such objects as they were you never
saw. Even Bug, Braxwell, the morning
after he rode into the river in the Rockies
was not arrayed like one of these. A few
of them were in mud clinging to them, and
now for a story, and a pretty good one,
told by a brace of the clay-covered brigade.
The names of these two adventurers are
John Sanderson and Louis Mehnert. Sand-
erson took the packet at Silver Creek,
with Mehnert for a trailer, and started out
for Evans, thirteen miles distant, at 1
o'clock in the morning or thereabouts.

A mile out from Silver Creek they ran
into clay and mud and water of such vast
extent and vicious consistency that for four
miles they floundered. Evans rode on foot
as best they could, dragging their bicycles
along with them. They gave me their un-
ited words afterward that at many times
they sank to the mid-half in the ooze, and
the condition of their shoes and stockings
was a mute but eloquent testimony to the
truth of what they said. Well, at the end
of this deplorable four miles they came to
a village whose name has escaped me. What
chiefly perturbed them was the adhe-
sive quality of the clay, which added so
much dead weight to their already over-
burdened limbs. They thought that if they
only had rubbers to wear, the mud would
not cling to their feet.

So, after much hammering and about-
ing of "What he, within," or words to that
effect, they roused the proprietor of the
village store, who was glad to rub the
sleep out of his eyes in order to turn an
honest penny on two pairs of goobies.

Thus reinforced for their fight with the
elements, Sanderson and Mehnert set
forth anew. But they took to the Lake
Shore railroad tracks this time, because
the walking seemed better. Water lay in
endless canals between the tracks, and the
rain swept down upon them unimpeded;
but they preferred water to mud.

A freight train thundered past them in
the storm, giving them barely time to jump
aside. That gave them pause. Such a peril
was too imminent to be courted. Once
more they did their hammer and shout, "What
ho, within!" this time at the door of a
wayside farmhouse, and the farmer awoke
and gave ear to their entreaty, and sold
them a lantern for a piece of silver.

Thus equipped, the adventurers essayed,
and with success, to ride the railroad
tracks. Gripping the wire loop of the lan-
tern between his right hand and the bar,
Sanderson led the way. Alternately splash-
ing, bumping, falling and remounting, they
advanced. Being nothing but a farmer's
lantern, instead of a nickel-plated bicycle
lamp, their acquisition remained alight.
And with good effect. For, of a sudden
there appeared at a distance from them a
blazing bright light, that grew larger. The
earth trembled with a horrible gridding.
There was a thunderous clangor and clat-
ter and shrieking of iron and steam. Then
arose a voice that shook with emotion as
it ejaculated: "Who the — is swinging
that light?"

It was the fireman of a freight train
that had been held up by the relay. Of
the discussion that was held before the
freight train and the relay parted to pur-
sue their several ways the less said the
better. Hard, bitter words were spoken,
but bear in mind that they were spoken in
haste.

Three miles from Evans the relay men,
who had abandoned the railroad track, en-
countered what appeared to be admirable
riding on a sidewalk leading into the vil-
lage. In a burst of enthusiasm, Sanderson
struck a three-minute gait, which he never
relaxed until he and his bicycle dropped
three feet at a place where the sidewalk
broke off in a sheer declivity. Of course
Sanderson and his wheel suffered, but the
most remarkable thing about it was what
happened to that lantern. It was smashed
and twisted out of all resemblance to its
former self; yet it burned on joyously and
undimmed. It is now exhibited as a curi-
osity in the window of the bicycle shop.
From all of which it may be seen that the
relay had excused for being late at Buffalo.

How the Bicycle
Couriers Beat the
Big, Hampering Storm.

Syracuse, Sept. 6.—The long delay caused
by last night's terrific rainstorm upset all
calculations of W. D. Andrews, the man-
ager of the relay division extending from
Weedsport to Utica. He had arranged a
fine schedule of riders, including the crack
men of the State, and the State, and was
and was confidently expecting to land the
pouch in Utica at 5 p. m. to-day. He
was out bright and early this morning look-
ing for news of the couriers, and when the
first bulletin came announcing that Bow-
mansville had been passed at 7:30 a. m. he
and nearly every other man in Syracuse
were dumfounded. There was no explanation
of the delay, and none reached this place till
4 p. m., when J. A. Williamson, the Buf-
falo manager, wired an answer to an ur-
gent inquiry by the Journal correspondent.

The relay riders on this division were all
on hand early this morning, but they were
not sent out to their stations till noon.
After Bowmansville cheering news of
every one rose, for Syracuse is the home
of the Yellow Fellow, and the whole city
has been in a ferment of excitement all
the week past. The local papers have kept
good bulletins going and they have been
surrounded by crowds day and night. The
crowd began to assemble in front of Mr.

Andrews's store, where the relays were
to change here, as early as 10 o'clock, and
hundreds of people waited patiently for
hours, watching the bulletin board and
speculating on the probable time of ar-
rival. Two splendid gains on schedule time
were announced early in the day, one of
twenty-nine minutes and another of four-
teen minutes, on relays beyond Rochester.
It became evident that the couriers were
filling the air and their own eyes with mud
in their race against time, and trouble and
enthusiasm grew every minute. Mr. An-
drews's men were spread as follows:

Weedsport to Elbridge—John McCarthy,
of Auburn; J. P. Gilroy, Syracuse.
Elbridge to Camillus—Robert Darling and
Frank Lavelle.

Camillus to Syracuse—Harry Henry, of
Cortland, and William McCaw, tandem, and
W. P. Carby, substitute.

Syracuse to Fayetteville—Lina Schilling,
holder of the State amateur road rec-
ords for five and ten miles, and Hughes and
Scoville on a tandem.

Fayetteville to Chittenango—Bert C. Wil-
lams and W. J. Ranton.

Chittenango to Oneida—Charles Surbeck
and James P. Dickson, tandem, and James
McMahon.

Oneida to Vernon—Frank Higbee and C.
H. Knowland.

Vernon to Kirkland—Mitchell and Ben-
dickson, tandem, and Ed Bowers.

Kirkland to Utica—Don B. Smith and
John C. Mulvihill, Jr., paced by Mitchell
and Bendixen, who thus ride two relays.

Harry Henry was chosen for the
Camillus run, because of his skill
and daring. He had to ride down
Camillus Hill, a descent of 300 feet in one
mile, which riders in this place say is
worse than a toboggan slide. Many ac-
cidents have occurred at this hill, and few
bicyclists would undertake to ride down it
at racing speed.

A San Francisco rider, who crossed the
continent last year, met with his only ac-
cident there, and was badly injured. Smith
and Mulvihill were chosen for the Kirk-
land to Utica run, because their road gave
them a chance for a record, which they
were deemed capable of making. The run
is ten miles down grade, with one and one-
half miles of asphalt, and four miles of
clayey cycle path. Several ten-mile road
records have been made there.

As the bulletins showed the close ap-
proach of the relay to Syracuse excitement
rose to a fever heat. The windows of all
the buildings in the neighborhood of the
station were filled with spectators, fire es-
capes were crowded, lamp-posts and fences
were covered, while a surging mob of
3,000 people jammed the narrow street.
And now it became evident that the good
people of Syracuse in their enthusiasm
were likely to delay the passage of the
pouch through their city. Wheelmen be-
gan to arrive from various directions, and
there were frequent cries of "Here they
come!" At each shout the crowd rushed
in a solid mass into the middle of the
street and made passage impossible. Two
well-meaning policemen tried to keep the
crowd back, but their efforts were, of
course, futile.

Shields, "the Cub" trick rider of the
country fairs, conceived the brilliant idea
of making fences of cycles on each side of
the railway track, but in a few minutes
the crowd pushed the fences toward one
another till there was only a narrow lane,
not wide enough for handle bars. Finally
the tandem was seen coming across the
Warren street bridge over the Erie Canal,
and a wild yell went up. The riders, fol-
lowed by a mob, who was a mass of mud
from a fall which he got a mile outside the
city, rode straight across Railroad street
and down to the Post Office, where the
letter was stamped by Postmaster Milton
H. Northrup. Then the couriers had to
turn back a block and ride around to An-
drews's store, where they were simply
mobbed. By dint of their own skill they
reached their relief and transferred the
packet in just fifteen seconds, reaching the
relay station at 5:25:30.

Hughes and Scoville broke through the
crowd with their tandem, and Schilling
followed at precisely 5:28:45. It was the
good riding of the men that carried them
through the mob, but once clear of it, they
struck a twenty-mile-an-hour gait and kept
it up to Fayetteville. The time from
Elbridge into this city would have been
better if the roads just outside had not
been badly up this morning. Never-
theless, three minutes was the time of each
of the twenty-four miles from Camillus
to Fayetteville.

THE PROCESSION IN
THE COURIERS' HONOR.
Saturday's Bicycle Fete Will
Be the Greatest Ever Wit-
nessed in New York.

Beautiful Features in Preparation
for the Illuminated Parade
Never Before Attempted.

A walk yesterday over the route that
will be followed by the Journal's big
illuminated bicycle parade next Saturday
night disclosed the fact that all the store-
keepers and residents in that section are
working up to a mad state of enthusiasm
over the coming event. It seems as if
each and every one that lives or does busi-
ness on the Boulevard is determined to
win one of the three prizes offered by the
Journal for the best illuminated house
along the line. From what was gathered,
the electric illumination will be the finest
ever seen on the streets of this city. Not
that it will be glaring at all, but beautiful
and in the best of taste. The Boulevard
will certainly approach a scene nearer to
fairland than anything ever beheld here.
Several of the leading electricians have
been asked to furnish designs and esti-
mates, and a perfect, variegated effect of
colored lights will make the cyclists' high-
way a picture that will never be forgotten
by those who witness it.

That hundreds of thousands of spectators
will view it goes, of course, without say-
ing. Applications for windows and good
places from which to view the scene that
will be presented are already being made,
and that portion of the city, already made
a lively one every fair night by the thou-
sands of cyclists who ride through it, will
be a scene of carnival.

Bicycle riders all over are roused to a
keen state of expectancy over the parade,
and all agree that it will be the greatest
novelty ever seen here, as well as a most
delightful one. The Journal's enterprise
and liberality in providing so extensive a
list of prizes is commended, and praise is
accorded the bicyclists an opportunity to
so thoroughly enter into a fete that must
do so much to add the cause of wheeling
and make it even more popular than it is
heard on every side. Among none is the en-
thusiasm greater than among the ladies.
That this enthusiasm will increase when the
prizes are exhibited this week is a foregone
conclusion. It should be remembered that
a lady can compete for any of the follow-
ing prizes: For the best decorated combi-
nation tandem; two prizes, first and second,
for the most original fancy costumes; one
prize for the best decorated wheel; first,
second and third prizes for costume to re-
present Queen of Night, and six prizes
for best illuminated bicycles. Surely here
are enough to make every woman happy,
and when they know that all of them come
from Tiffany's and the Gotham Manu-
facturing Company, they can have an idea of
the quality. Every woman that rides a
bicycle should go and see them at Fiech-
man's store, corner Broadway and Twenty-
fifth street, this week, and she will at once
decide to try and win one of them. It can-
not be too strongly emphasized that in no
bicycle event ever held here were the care,
comfort and happiness of the fair riders so
carefully considered as in this one. That
this is appreciated is proven by the large
number of letters received by the Journal
from women entering their names for the
parade.

Inquiries have been made whether the
marshals, aides and officials in the parade
are barred from competing for the prizes.
In reply it can be stated that they will be
treated just the same by the judges as all
the other riders.

There are many who may wish to be
further enlightened by personal inquiry
as regards the details of the parade, the
prizes, etc., etc. To those who desire to
see any of the officials who will have
charge of the parade an invitation is ex-
tended to call at the Imperial Hotel, cor-
ner of Broadway and Thirty-second street,
on Tuesday evening, when the marshals,
aides and couriers will meet there to per-
fect the details of the fete.

The parade will be headed by the Olym-
pic Bicycle Band, of which B. Blumberg is
band master, and the